And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accident.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right,
You haue bin talkt of since your trauel much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest siege.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuerie that it weares
Then sealed age, his sables, and his weeds
Importing health and graueneſſe; two moneths since
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandie*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-back, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he bin incorp'st, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* wast?
King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord*.
King. The very same.
Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed.
And Gemme of all the Nation.
King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cri'd out t'would be a sight indeed

3 accedent 13 siedge 15 ribaud

If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eie,
If you oppos'd them; sir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuie.
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow.
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I think you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begun by time,
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time quallifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnesse still,
For goodnesse growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this *Would* changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *Should* is like a spend-thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quicke o'th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To shew your selfe indeed your fathers sonne
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.
King. No place indeed should murther sanctuarize,
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you do this, keepe close within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the same
The *Frenchman* gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

11 hart 24 accedents 30 throat